

BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

IN "Brass" Charles G. Norris has written a story of powerful appeal. Heralded as a "novel of marriage," the book proves to be rather a novel of remarriage, as the propriety of divorced persons marrying again is the subject which occupies the greater part of Mr. Norris' work.

"Brass" finds a number of young couples beginning wedded life under varying conditions and subject to different influences. Some are victims of interference by friends and relatives, others of circumstances amid which they grope blindly, aware only that something is amiss, but unable to perceive a way out. One couple only, living a life of dull contentment on a ranch, provides an example of the ordinary happy marriage.

Mr. Norris provides no abstruse analysis of the subject of unsuccessful marriages. His men and women enter into no long harangues about long-sought soulmates and being misunderstood at home. They start out with the best of intentions, and seemingly are destined to sink into the dull, respectable routine of the average married couple, only to be driven, by forces beyond their power to diagnose, into a blind alley with no outlet save by way of separation.

"Brass" is not an attack on the institution of marriage. Rather it is a plain statement of every-day occurrences, told in a way that encourages the reader to devote serious thought to the subject, with no attempt to provide a solution which would require a substitute for marriage.

TIS refreshing to pick up such a stirring outdoor tale of England in its youth as "Cedric the Forester," by Bernard Marshall and published by D. Appleton & Co. It serves to bring back to our minds those old days when we read half the long wintry nights in G. A. Henty's immortal works of sturdy English lads making men of themselves on the broad fields of Britain's military and naval endeavor.

Apparently written for boys, "Cedric the Forester" has its message for older folk. For the blade reader surfeited with sex puzzles, or with political intrigues, or with psychological studies, the very simplicity of this story clears away the fog. It is a cool breeze that blows from the West marches to our desk.

It was a little spring morning when the dastardly Gray Wolf of Carleton lay siege to the castle of the Mountjoys in the absence of its lord, who was away serving his king against the Scottish foe. And that siege brought forth all the bravery and knightly spirit of the Lady Mountjoy and her serving men.

And when the siege was raised and the young Mountjoy was waylaid by his enemy, the Carleton, it was Cedric who saved his life. Thus did the Lord Mountjoy find himself in the lists, defending by trial of battle the life of the humble forester, Cedric. Gadzooks, 'twas a noble passage at arms, my brethren. De Latiere, the Norman, was a master of fence, yet he was overcome by the champion of Mountjoy whose blade fairly pierced the Norman's body. And so Cedric, cause of the trial, came to dwell at Mountjoy.

The young forester was skilful with the crossbow, a weapon long since passed into history and such tales as this of the ancient days in Merrie England when knights were bold. He proved it in his test with old Marvin and from then on he proves it again and again.

And when the Welsh overrun the West Marches, then comes the great battle at the Pass of the Eagles. How stirring is this old-time battle with sword and spear and mace and good crossbow! And how kindling are the deeds of Cedric and of Geoffrey and of the young Mountjoy, withal a goodly



CHARLES G. NORRIS.
Author of "Salt," "The Amateur," etc. His new book, "Brass," called a Novel of Marriage, Has Just Been Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

lad and sincere. And there it was that Cedric became Sir Cedric De La Roche, or knight of the crag, taking his name from the very spot where his resource changed defeat to victory.

From then through the bitter days of King Stephen, with its political pother, we are led until Richard the Lionhearted passed away and John sat on the throne of England. The nobles are joined against their sovereign and Cedric is foremost for his wisdom and his knightly courtesy. And Runnymede sees the Magna Charta forced down the king's throat. Egad, 'twas a noble deed for Cedric to fight for the protection of the freeman of England!

And coming to the end of this stirring tale of days that are done forevermore, we sigh and sit awhile in thought, harking back in imagination to those great-hearted men who tore from royalty their just rights and made possible these United States of 1921.

Ah, well, those days are gone, but it is good to read this tale of Cedric the Forester, told in quaint style and clearly, letting nothing interfere with the easy flow of the narrative, and it is even refreshing as a draft of spring water on a warm summer day.

THE managing editor of this paper has taken an unfair advantage of our innocent and unsuspecting self. He handed us two books for purposes of review, one of them a novel by Charles Norris, called "Brass," the other an opus of Harold Bell Wright cycloped "Helen of the Old House."

On the same principle our parents using in our childhood days—that of giving us a glass of sparkling ginger beer immediately following a dose of castor oil—we elected to read of Helen and her old house first, and then follow with "Brass." And now that we have finished with Helen, we are in no condition to carry out the balance of the program.

Not that there is the least mental strain involved in the perusal of the saccharine pages of Mr. Wright's latest effort at world regeneration by means of the novel. The plot is as obtrusive as the skeleton of Gigantosaur in the National Museum. On page 49, for instance, it becomes apparent that only death can prevent the marriage of Charles, humble mill worker, to Helen, daughter of millions. A little later on, Charles' sister, Mary, a poor workin' gal,

gazes wistfully after the expensive roadster carrying John Ward, heir to old Adam Ward's millions, and we can hear the wedding bells tuning up.

Again, as early as page 36, in a book of 372 pages, it is easily discernible that Adam Ward has stolen the secret manufacturing process from the humble mill worker, Peter Martin, though it remains a deep secret to all the characters in the book till nigh on to the end. It is also manifest that the novel is not going to end without restitution of some sort—otherwise there would be no moral pointed for the guidance of the vast public for whom Mr. Wright sermonizes.

BOOKS IN DEMAND

BRENTANO'S reports the following books most in demand for the week ending Saturday:

FICTION.
"Alice Adams," Booth Tarkington.
"To Let," John Galsworthy.
"If Winter Comes," A. S. M. Hutchinson.
"Master of Man," Hall Caine.
"The Flaming Forest," James Oliver Curwood.
"Her Father's Daughter," Gene Stratton Porter.

NON-FICTION.
"Mirrors of Washington," "The Glass of Fashion," "Queen Victoria," Lytton Strachey.
"Passing of the Great Race" (New Edition), Madison Grant.
"Sea Power in the Pacific," Hector Bywater.
"A Journal of the Great War," Charles G. Dawes.

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THE characters are an assortment of reminiscences, whose main endeavor seems to be to act as little like human beings as possible in their relations to one another. No person in the book is too illiterate or too humble to be made the instrument for the delivery of a sermon. Nor is any one so exalted with pride of place that he is not humbled to the end the teachings of the books we used to read in the Sunday school library be verified.

The author takes just one mean dig at our self-assurance. With two heroes and two heroines performing deeds of righteousness for several hundred pages, the unwary reader is led by every art at the author's command, to expect a double wedding ceremony at about page 300. Then he rudely kills off one of our heroes, on a sort of a Roman holiday, along with two of the less desirable characters, who, being wealthy men, had some sort of retribution coming to them anyhow. We think this a nasty trick.

However, this untimely taking off of a prospective bridegroom furnishes opportunity for the bereaved maiden to devote the remainder of her life to faith and good works, a consummation devoutly to be wished for in a novel of uplift. So that's that.

And the sum total of our impressions of the book is this: That it is an improvisation of the old familiar Wright theme, of virtue rewarded and villainy getting a kick in the ribs, and that it will sell to the tune of about \$60,000 copies. Arriving at this point we are going to perform the Moselem rite of purification, wish off the book on some bitter enemy, and go out to look for a bootlegger.

NOTES AND GOSSIP

"CHIMNEYSMOKE" being a lyrical almanac for households of two or more, by Christopher Morley, will be brought out by Doran this fall. It will be illustrated by Thomas Fogarty and will contain some thirty of Mr. Fogarty's sketches. There will be a jacket and frontispiece in colors and lining pages.

A NEW volume of verse by Aline Kilmer, widow of Joyce Kilmer, and author of "Candies That Burn," will be published this fall under the title, "Vigils."

THE secret of Joseph Conrad's immense appeal lies in the fact that he is not provincial, thinks Ford Madox Hueffer, who knows the great novelist better perhaps than any other man of letters in England. In "Thus to Revolt," Mr. Hueffer's recent book of reminiscences, he formulates the technical rule to which Conrad adheres.

"Never take for granted any special knowledge in your reader!" For your reader, will be Man, Woman, New Yorker, inhabitant of Tokio, seller of groceries behind a counter in Athens . . . or denizen of a century that shall come two thousand years after your own age. If, this rule implies, you have occasion to take your characters somewhere in a four-wheeler—let the four-wheeler be projected as the dingy, rattling, glazed box on shaky wheels that the London four-wheeler used to be. If you just say: "They went in a four-wheeler," the lady who will read you in Vienna or the gentleman in the year A. D. 4000, will fall to understand you and there will be a white spot on your page. . . . That is at any rates one of the secrets of universality."

Orchestra is Composed of Music Masters

FEW laymen stop to consider that an orchestra is assembled to create, through the medium of melody and harmonies, the same effects that are achieved by actors on the stage or upon the screen.

In the string basses and among the brass woodwinds are the tragedians, the deep-toned enunciators of all that is sinister and tragic; the first clarinet is known among all schooled orchestra men as "the prima donna of the orchestra," the bassoon, as "the comedian," and so on.

It is in the skillful selection and balance of these choirs that the conductor finds his most difficult task.

N. Mirsky, conductor of the newly organized symphony orchestra of thirty solo artists at Crandall's Metropolitan Theater, has been particularly fortunate in this regard. Nor is his success in choosing his men accidental, for he has had a broad education in music and long experience as conductor, being a graduate from the Warsaw Conservatory.

For his assistant concert-master, Mr. Mirsky chose G. E. Benedict, a violinist of perfect technique, splendid tone and thorough schooling in the foremost European schools of composition; for the position of first bass, H. Denham, a player with a wonderful ability to produce pure organ tones, and for the bassoon, the "comedian" among the instruments, A. Machner, who has had wide experience with the country's foremost symphonies.

In the reeds equal proficiency prevails. T. Di Prospero, who during the illness of Mr. Li Calzi, has occupied the first clarinet chair, has made the Metropolitan's "prima donna" a potent element in the ensemble of the orchestra. N. Li Calzi, first clarinet, is recognized as one of the most gifted artists in the country on his instrument.

In the brasses three exceptional performers stand out—S. Li Calzi, first trumpet; Ph. Corino, first horn, and V. Squeo, trombone. The incidental solo work of this trio of artists has had a pronounced influence upon the rapidity with which the Metropolitan Symphony has risen to its present position of pre-eminence among the Capital's musical organizations. The percussionist of the symphony has no superior in the East, J. N. Jehlen being rated among the few drummers and tympanists in the country who are equally skilful in the playing of intricate scores and in improvising effects to enliven the popular quicksteps.

Victrola Shop Offers Best in Wide Selection

FOLLOW the trail of the tiny Victor dogs, at the corner of 7th and G streets northwest, and you'll find the latest Victor shop to be established in Washington.

It's Louis & Company. And here the Victrola reigns supreme in a charming environment. For Mr. Louis—who has for many years represented the Victor and knows its artists and its music thoroughly—also knows that the public appreciates comfort—combined with the aesthetic.

So this new Victrola shop is all old blue and cream color, with ten commodious booths to give privacy to the hearer. And a big list of records promises to offer "just what you want," or new ideas for your music library.

For instance, Mr. Louis told how one purchaser had come in for some of the records a "music page" does not recommend. But hearing a rich orchestral record—across the aisle—made by the Philadelphia Orchestra, something new entered into his idea of music and straightway a masterpiece inspired by the baton of Leopold Stokowski was bought.

A host of sacred selections—some by Homer Rodeheaver, Billy Sunday's famous baritone, and popular ones made by various jubilee singers, are proving "best sellers" in the opening weeks of this new Victor store.

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MRS. FLORA McGILL KEEFER, our Washington mezzo soprano, who contributed so signally to the music for "The Old Nest" at Crandall's Metropolitan Theater last week. With Mrs. Keefe last week at the Metropolitan and Victor Herbert this week at Moore's Rialto, the music slogan for Washington may soon become: "Watch the Movies."



Du Carp Winner of Many Prizes

MAGDELEINE DU CARP, the distinguished French pianist, who is one of the artists of the T. Arthur Smith, Inc., "Ten-Star series" of concerts, has an enviable record. At the age of thirteen Miss Du Carp won first prize and first mention at the Conservatory of Lille, although her competitors were girls of twenty. At the National Conservatoire of Paris, with Philippe, she again won first prize and first mention against thirty-two contestants.

In 1918 the five-yearly Prix Pages, which is open only to women who have won the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire, was contested in a two-day competition. Miss Du Carp won this prize and the accompanying 4,000 francs. The brilliant young artist has captured every competition she has entered.

Season tickets for the Ten-Star Series, which opens October 21 with Anna Case, the popular soprano, as the artist, are now on sale at the office of T. Arthur Smith, Inc., 1306 G street.

Sara Louise Sharp Weds Baltimore Man

(Continued from Page 2.)

THE new Mrs. Hablston is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dent Sharp, of Fort Benton, Mont. Her mother, who came East last spring to make a series of visits, was present at the wedding and gave her daughter in marriage. The bride is a niece of Mrs. Nolan, wife of Brig. Gen. Dennis E. Nolan, of Col. John Bennett and of the late Capt. Alexander Sharp, U. S. N., so her marriage is an event of unusual interest to army and navy folk.

In 1918 Miss Sharp spent several months as nurses' aid at Camp Meade, Md., before commencing a three years' course of training at Walter Reed Hospital, from which she was graduated last June. Dr. Hablston is attached to the medical staff of the University of Maryland. He will take his bride to Baltimore, where they will make their home.

Appendicitis Kills Hog.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 17.—An autopsy performed on the body of a hog, which died unexpectedly on a farm near here, disclosed that the animal died of appendicitis, according to Dr. A. A. Trotter, veterinarian.

AUBRYS START SOON FOR PERU, GALA DAY AT LIMA

IT'S a case of "hail and farewell" with Commandante Don Luis Aubry, naval attaché of the Peruvian embassy, and pretty little Mme. Aubry, for they are setting sail for Peru within a few weeks of their return from Europe. And farewell parties in their honor are beginning before the welcome home parties are well over.

I never see Mme. Aubry without thinking of Mrs. Frank B. Freyer, for the two women were always together while the Freyers were stationed in Washington. And they'll be together again before long, for Commandante and Mrs. Freyer, as you doubtless remember, are in Peru—Commandante Freyer having been "borrowed" by the Peruvian government to reorganize its navy. They have a charming house in Lima, filled with lovely things, and they did a lot of entertaining recently for the Americans who visited Peru at the time of her centennial celebration.

The members of the commission which represented the United States are back now and one hears quite wonderful tales of the exposition and the handsome way things were done. Indeed, one of the American delegates told me that not since he attended the coronation of King George had he seen anything like the splendor and dignity which marked the opening ceremonies.

There is a flourishing and interesting American colony in Lima, and, of course, they "tore loose" when it came to entertaining their visiting countrymen and the American delegation had a royal good time. They tell me that Mrs. Freyer is not only delighted with the life in this gay little Latin American colony, but that she is tremendously popular with the Latin Americans. You see, she speaks Spanish like a native and her mother having been Spanish born.

She is a handsome woman, tall and striking and always beautifully groomed, and she and dainty little Mme. Aubry always presented the most pleasant and interesting contrast. I never saw them enter a ballroom together without attracting a great deal of attention, and they always had a string of men in their wake in addition to their respective husbands.

FRED STERLING and his bride, formerly Dorothy Williams McCombs, reached Lima in time to find a house and get settled before the exposition opened, and they, too, were active in entertaining for visiting Americans. I understand that they stayed with the Freyers for a while when they first arrived, as the hotels in Lima are not all that they might be. And now they have an amusing little place up in the Andes mountains overlooking the city.

I heard a whisper the other day to the effect that Mr. Sterling might be slated for the post of ambassador to Peru. But no, I don't believe that is possible. He'll probably be made a minister before long, but it will be some time yet before ambassadorial posts are taken out of the political plum class and given to the men who have won their spurs in the diplomatic service.

ARTS CLUB FETE TO BE MARKED BY INDIAN SETTINGS

"AN Evening in India"—that's the promising title of the entertainment to be given at the Arts Club on Tuesday evening. It's one of the delightful series of at fresco fete which have been put on in the garden of the club on Tuesday evenings through the summer, and preparations are being made to make it even more successful than the others. Colored lantern slides will be shown by Maynard Williams, a member of the staff of the Geographic Magazine, who has traveled India over and probably knows as much about the country and the people as any man in Washington. There will be songs by persons who have lived in India and are familiar with the plaintive music, and violin and piano solos.

Those who take part in the program will be in costume, and the Indian atmosphere will be carried out in the settings which will be correct and authentic in every detail. This will be the twelfth of the series of garden entertainments, which has embraced a Persian evening, an Indian-American Indian evening, and a Japanese evening, for which a picturesque Japanese tea house was erected in the garden. And the members of the Arts Club have had remarkable luck with their weather, for only once did it rain, and that was when the program was almost over.

Different members of the club have been in charge of arrangements for the different entertainments, but all have been under the supervision of Mrs. William James Monroe. She has had wide experience in pageantry, and the directing of amateur productions, and in San Francisco at the time of the exposition she staged a pageant in front of the Fine Arts Building, with gondolas floating on the great lagoon as the keynote of the composition, which is still remembered.

The lighting for the Arts Club programs, which has contributed no little to their artistic success, has been under the direction of Madison Brown, a member of the club, and a grandnephew of President Madison.

Shall Delegates Call On Woodrow Wilson?

ONE of the delicate social problems of the conference on the limitation of armaments will be the question of whether foreign delegates may with propriety pay their respects to Woodrow Wilson. It would seem an obvious thing to do for statesmen like David Lloyd George or M. Briand, who came to know Mr. Wilson well in Paris. But—well, Old World politicians are insurably punctilious about that sort of thing, and you may be sure they will ascertain beyond the shadow of a doubt that the existing powers that be have no objection before leaving their cards at 2340 S street.

Indeed, it is understood that when Rene Viviani was in Washington last spring he refrained from visiting Mr. Wilson doubtless at the instigation of France's tactful ambassador, M. Jusserand.

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ON BEING 35

By Skillett Pinn.

Ye books idioter eases me one (1) copy of Ring W. Lardner's latest relapse in book form libeled "SYMPTOMS OF BEING 35," illustrated and everything by Bobbe-Merrill Company, which is at Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

It don't say nothin' about no price on the outside so I come to the self-made conclusion that it is thirty-five cents as a book like that ain't worth thirty-five dollars to nobody.

As one nut to another I can unequivocally say to Mr. Lardner and clients that the goodest thing about the whole darn hallucinations is that it only takes about fifteen minutes to read. I wish a pack of other authors would tumble to them kind of books. And furthermore, it's worth fifteen minutes of anybody's time even if unemployment is gripping the country like a candidate mitting a voter on election morn.

On the outside cover it is a guy yawning and another guy is gettin' kissed by the first gent's wife of which the caption beneath moans, "To him it was like as if she was kissing an old cab horse on a bet for the benefit of the Red Cross."

It is a story about how it hurts to be thirty-five years of old and Lardner ought to be a authority on a slight incident like that. "Simp Toms of Beink 35" is done up in regular manner and shows that publishers like Bobbe-Merrill et al. can print anything that comes along. I hope if Lardner witnesses this review he will slip me thirty or forty copies for purposes of Christmas gifts to a lot of relatives and persons who have got to be remembered somehow or other.

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